King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne,
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou hast it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.
Kin. Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *He whispers in his*
Tis no more but so, say is it done, *eare.*
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrel*, ere we sleep? *Ex. Buc.*
Tir. Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
King. Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my lord.
King. *Stanley* he is your wiues sonnes. Well looke to it.
Buc. My lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which your promised I should possesse.
King. *Stanley* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buc. What saies your highnesse to my iust demand?
King. As I remember, Henrie the sixt
Did prophecie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promise for the Earledome.
Kin. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

And

And called it Ruge-mount,
Because a Bard of Ireland to
I should not liue long after
Buc. My lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to pu
Of what you promisd me.
King. Well, but whats a clo
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten
King. Well, let it strike.
Buc. Why let it strike?
King. Because that like a I
Betwixt thy begging and my
I am not in the giuing vaine
Buc. Why then resolue m
Ki. Tut, tut, thou troubles
Buck. Is it euen so, reward
With such deepe contempt,
O let me thinke on Hastings
To Brecnock while my fear
Enter Sir Franc
Tir. The tyrannous and l
The most arch-act of pitteou
That euer yet this land was g
Dighton and Forrest whom
To do this ruthlesse peece o
Although they were flesht
Melting with tendernesse an
Wept like two children in th
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie
Thus thus quoth Forrest gir
Within their innocent alabl
Their lips foure red Roses o
Which in their summer bea
A booke of praiers on their
Which once quoth Forrest
But ô the diuel: their the vil
Whilest Dighton thus told

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